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A NEW AND ORIGINAL

Comedy-Drama,

IN PROLOGUE AND FOUR ACTS.

BY CHAS. W. AUGUSTUS.

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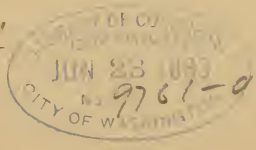

CHICAGO:
INGERSOLL & MARSH, PRINTERS, 170 S. CLARK ST.
1883.

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THE WHITE WAYWODE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUEL STANTLEY, known as the White Waywode.
CARYL MORGAN, a wealthy young Miner.
JAMES FOSTER, his partner.
JUAN TRADDLES, of Traddles' Mine.
PAUL HAMILTON, Cousin to Maud Yale.
GABRIEL FYFE, Accomplice of Stantley.
ROBERT, Gypsey Physician.
GRIF. LEWIS, Ex-Mormon, in love with Mrs. Lisle.
WILLIAM POTTER, J. P. and Coroner.
EMMANUEL LEE, a Gypsey.
MAUD YALE, betrothed to Morgan.
ROSE LEE, a Gypsey Flower.
MRS. LISLE, House-keeper to Foster.
RACHEL LEE, a Gypsey Fortune-Teller.
JENNIE FOSTER, daughter to Foster.
NINETTE, servant to Maud Yale.

SCENERY.

PROLOGUE—Traddles' Mine. ACT 1—Home of Foster. ACT 2—Gypsey Encampment. ACT 3—Home of Maud Yale. ACT 4—HOME OF FOSTER.

PROLOGUE.

TRADDLES' MINE.

View of American River in background. Grave of Elmer Traddles, R, with cross marked, "E. T., murdered 1849," *beneath a couple of trees, with a limb growing between them. Juan Traddles sleeping on his brother's grave.*

JUAN. *(Arising.)* The day is breaking and I must leave you, brother, alone with these silent compaions, which cast their sombre shadows over your grave. All night long have I rested here, sometimes fancying that I hear your voice as the trees bent and

whispered to each other, and dreaming such happy dreams of days that can never more return. Gazing upon this little mound of earth which hides thee from me, I scarce can realize that thou art beneath it, and that I never shall see your face again upon this sphere.

With a bitter heart I came here, vowing vengance against the inhuman wretch who so cruelly robbed thee of life, and hoping that I might find some clue by which I could fasten his terrible crime upon him and avenge thy most untimely death; but everything seemed so peaceful and quiet—no sound save the moaning of the trees, and the ripple of the waters of yonder silver stream, that all thoughts of vengeance stole from me, like shadows cast from the mountains before the rising sun.

Ye emblematic trees! so closely locked in a loving embrace, minding me of the tie more strong, which knit our hearts together, shelter him well, for I must now leave him to your gentle care. Farewell! Farewell! Oh, farewell.

(Moves slowly towards L. A crackling sound heard.)

What was that? Some animal perhaps searching for prey. Where can I conceal myself? Ah—those trees. They are easily climbed, and among their heavy foliage I may remain unnoticed.

(Enters Stantley L. scrutinizing ground closely.)

STANTLEY. *(Walks over to cross and halts before it.)* What's this? "E. T., murdered, 1849." Only a grave—and how many there are between here and the Missouri. Fools that thought they could enrich themselves without toil, and their bones are bleaching beneath the burning sun. *(Searching again.)* Where can that knife be?—somebody must have picked it up shortly after we had the quarrel which ended so fatally to him. What a fool I was to drop it. If it was discovered that it belonged to me, they would make it hot for me. Fortunately they thought I had crossed the mountains. Curse him! if he had kept away from that girl of Foster's he might be living yet, but it would be safer to cross the cobra's path than step between me and my affairs. The White Waywode is an adder, and his sting is death! Lie there and rot! She has been out here and strewed flowers over your grave—oh, I heard about it—and much good it must have done her and you to water your grave with her tears. I'll have her yet as sure as my name is Ruel Stantley, aye surer than that, for that's but a gypsey name, and not the one my

father bore; they gave me a gypsey training too – and those are the fruits; they nursed my youthful passions, and made me what I am; as I grew older they chose me for their chief—they called me the White Waywode, and my word is law among them. Enough of this:—leave blabbing to old women.

(Sounds a whistle, and a man appears, R.)

Do you see any signs of the miners yet?

GABRIEL. I was coming to you when I heard the whistle. There is a cloud of dust in the distance, I think they are the men we are waiting for.

STANT. All right, I may need you. Get behind that clump of bushes near the river. If I blow this whistle once come on alone, if twice or more bring some of the rest of the band along with you—have them ready. Is everything prepared at the camp for a quick move?

GAB. Yes chief, I looked to it myself.

STANT. All right– make haste—look sharp for the signal. *(Exit Gab.)* Ah, here they come riding like the wind. *(Exit Stant. L.)*

MORGAN. This is the spot then, Foster?

FOSTER. Yes.

MORG. Young Traddles has erected the cross over his brother's grave I see. Those young men loved each other most affectionately. I believe the attachment of twins is stronger even than that of ordinary brothers, don't you?

FOS. Yes I think it is, and more especially with these, for I heard it said that they came into the world locked in each others embrace; their cry was simultaneous. The survivor wouldn't part with the mine under any consideration, unless he could reserve that part where his brother lies buried.

MORG. So you told me. What do you think of the location?

FOS. Excellent. I think there is money in it.

MORG. If there is gold here, the price we paid, five thousand dollars, is cheap enough. How far is it to the nearest paying claim?

FOS. Over three miles.

MORG. There is a question I want to ask you, Foster.

FOS. An entire catechism of them, if you wish.

MORG. You will not think me obtrusive or inquisitive?

FOS. Certainly not.

MORG. I have your welfare ever at heart.

Fos. I know it partner, else you would not have bought this mine, and so generously given me a half-interest, merely to work it to our mutual advantage.

Morg. Forget that, Foster. Didn't you save my life once in the mountains when that old grizzly was on the point of making a meal of me. What would have become of that little sweetheart of mine, way down home if he had succeeded in his attempt. I promised to show you her picture. Here it is *(taking it from his bosom,)* and you are the only one beside myself that have seen it since she gave it to me. That sweet face partner, has lightened many a weary days' labor.

Fos. She is a lovely woman, Caryl, and has a very sweet expression of countenance. I pride myself on being a good judge of character –there is in the chin much resolution—such persons are constant in nature and affections.

Morg. You have read her character to a dot.

Fos. We are wandering, Caryl. What did you intend to ask me?

Morg. Yes, yes; does that Gypsey call around to your place yet?

Fos. That fellow they call the White Waywode, Ruel Stantley?

Morg. Yes.

Fos. He has not visited us for some time.

Morg. Didn't he pay some attention to your daughter Jennie?

Fos. Yes ; but there is no chance for him there ; Jennie despises him.

Morg. Are you quite sure of this?

Fos. She has told me so often.

Morg. That is sufficient. Take my word for it Foster, he is a dangerous man—one of those you wouldn't like to meet alone in some secluded place, without a good pistol to lay your hands on. Where is he and his band now stopping ?

Fos. I can't say, they wander about so from place to place. Like the children of Ishmael, living in tents, one day here, the next no one knows where. It is reported that they have left the country for good—crossed the Sierras, and gone to the States. I think they expected to find victims and spoils more plentiful than they did. They won't work. A little trading in horses on the part of the men, and fortune-telling by the women, is all they do. If they are gone, the country is well rid of the lazy, thieving pack. That same Ruel Stantley had the assurance once to ask me for my daughter Jennie's hand in marriage.

MORG. Is it possible?

FOS. Aye; and muttered something between his teeth about getting even, when I told him he could not have her. You know how it is, partner, in a new country like this, one is often obliged to treat as equals some, whom in more settled communities he would not recognize, much less associate with; otherwise I should never have admitted him into my home.

MORG. Yes, and the laws are still very lax, seldom enforced, and in many cases treated with contempt, except when Judge Lynch presides, then they make it short, sharp and decisive, and no man's life is secure. I almost forgot to remind you: you promised to tell me about the young man Traddles, who first discovered this mine.

FOS. With pleasure. Let us sit down on this log so. Well, about six months ago, Elmer Traddles, the twin brother of Juan, of whom we bought our mine, first came to this locality. He was quite young, about twenty-one years of age, bright and good-natured, and often spoke of his brother, who was then in the East, but expected soon to arrive. The young fellow prospected about considerable, and with much good judgment, selected this piece of ground, and was about to set some men to work on it. He often visited at our place, and he and Jennie became very good friends.

MORG. You interest me, Foster; then he was the favored one?

FOS. Yes, I am quite sure he was.

MORG. Pardon me for interrupting you—proceed with the story.

FOS. I had observed the young fellow, and was much pleased with him. He never drank or smoked, and seemed to shun the society of most miners, selecting one or two for companions, and bearing himself always in a gentlemanly manner. I should have been pleased to see him wedded to Jennie. His career, however, was destined to be a very short one. He was murdered one night, and his body thrown over yonder cliff. At first we thought it was an accidental death, as no wounds could be found on the body, but on closer examination it was discovered that there were three marks on him—stiletto cuts, barely perceptible, as they had closed up when the instrument was withdrawn, and the wounds had bled internally.

MORG. It was a cruel, cowardly murder. Strange they never found the murderer. How did Jennie take it?

FOS. Very hard. For several days I could not get her to eat

a morsel of food; then I took her to her aunts in 'Frisco, and after a while she seemed to forget it, although the slightest allusion to any of the circumstances would cause her to weep as if her heart would break. In the first stages of her grief it was pitiful to see her—she could not shed a tear. At last I hit on a plan: I brought her here to his grave. The old miners had strewed flowers over it, which she noticed, and these tokens of affection from his friends made her weep—a few drops at the opening, but ending in a perfect shower of grief. That other youngster, Juan, looks as much like his brother as one pea does to another, and when first I saw him it actually startled me. Fortunately he never appeared while Jennie was about, and I got him out of the way as soon as possible. When I told him of the relationship which had existed between his brother and my daughter, he said he should refrain from making any more visits, which I suppose was done as much on account of his feelings for the brother as out of any consideration he had for me or mine, although it is said that he is a most estimable young man. I have not seen him since we purchased the mine.

MORG. It was on Jennie's account that he sold us the mine, I think. We naturally love that which has been dear to those loved by us.

FOS. See this knife; it was found near the body of young Elmer, and must have belonged to the murderer. It is evidently of foreign manufacture, and has a Japanese inscription on it.

MORG. Quite a curiosity, and worth more than its intrinsic value. It may be the means too of discovering the murderer. (*A cry in imitation of wild turkeys is heard.*) What would you call that, Foster?

FOS. The cry of wild turkeys. Take your rifle and pop one of them over.

MORG. Where would you locate the sound?

FOS. Over near the river.

MORG. Keep quiet then until I get a shot at them.

FOS. All right—move cautiously. If they fly in this direction I'll try my revolver on them. (*Morgan moves slowly to R, and fires.*) What success?

MORG. (*Remaining R.*) Very poor: I missed them. I am afraid if I had to keep a camp in provisions they would all starve to death. (*Comes towards Foster who is fumbling with his pistol.*)

FOS. This pistol seems to be out of order; I can't cock it.

(Weapon is accidently discharged and Morgan falls to the ground.) Great heaven, what have I done? Oh, God! I have shot him; I kave killed my best friend! *(Rushes to him.)* Caryl, Caryl, speak to me!

(Several blasts are sounded on whistles by Stantley within. He enters with Gabriel and several others.)

STANT. A murder has been commited: you are my witnesses.

GAB. Aye, aye! What shall we do with him?

FOS. Gentlemen, listen to me; it was an accident. I am an innocent man. Attend to my wounded friend: bring him some water. Oh, Caryl! if you can speak tell them I am not guilty of your murder.

MORG. *(Faintly.)* He is innocent.

GAB. He is not innocent. I saw him shoot the man in cold blood. Fetch a rope and we'll string him up.

STANT. Not so fast: wait till I give the orders. Stand back I say.

(Stantly walks over to Morgan, examines Morgan, whispers to Gabriel, then latter blows peculiar blast on whistle.)

ROBERT. Here! What do you want? *(Gabriel whispers to to him.)*

STANT. Doctor examine this man. Can you save him?

ROBT. No; the wound is mortal; he can't live till morning. The bullet has entered just above the heart.

STANT. That will do doctor: you may go. (*Prepares to leave.*)

FOS. Do not leave the wounded man to suffer, attend to him, dress his wound, and I will pay you liberally for it. Oh, Caryl, what have I done?—it will drive me mad!

STANT. Attend to him then doctor; and all but you Gabriel, leave. (*Exit the rest.*) I wish to see you, Foster, alone. I spoke to you a short time ago about a little matter, which I want you now to reconsider.

FOS. What was it about?

STANT. Your memory is short—your daughter.

FOS. Villian, I see through your game; you cannot have her.

STANT. Think again before you speak: do I get her or not? I have witnesses to prove that you murdered him in cold blood, that you murdered young Traddles in cold blood, and have the knife with which the deed was done now in your possession.

FOS. You would swear my life away.

STANT. Give me the knife.

Fos. I will not.

Stant. You must. In the presence of these two witnesses, give me the knife.

Fos. I will not.

Stant. Then I must force you. One blast on this will cause those who were here a moment ago to return. Will you give me the knife or not.

Fos. Here it is. Everything conspires to prove me a murderer, and place me in the power of this inhuman fiend.

Stant. No pet names Foster, if you please. Think of your family: What could your wife and child do to earn a livelihood for themselves deprived of your support. The band of which I am chief is encamped but a short distance from here. There let me take the wounded man, and I will vouch that he shall receive the best of care and treatment. You cannot help him, and there's little chance of his recovery; besides the mine is yours alone now.

Fos. Oh, villainous!

Stant. If the vigilantes were to find this out, they would make short work of you. When the man dies we'll bury him quietly, and no one the wiser. Fear not, for we gypseys are as secret as death itself. Go home to your family now, and if anyone enquires where Morgan is, tell him you left him at the ford, and that he promised to meet you at the mine. I'll send some of my men to verify your story, and everything 'll come out all right. Your friend was but little known in these parts, which will make it all the easier for us.

Fos. I must live for my wife and child's sake. Do what you can to save him, and let me know in the morning how he is getting along. Is there no hope, doctor?

Robt. None. (*Morgan is here placed on a rude litter.*)

Stant. Go home, Foster, you can do no good here.

Fos. Try your best to save him Stantley.

Stant. I told you I would and I'll do it. (*Exit all.*)

Trad. (*Coming from tree.*) The murderer of my brother! Was it all a horrible dream? No, no! I am awake. What shall I do? Thank heaven they have left me a weapon. (*The pistol of Foster.*) Brother, for a little time rest easy in thy grave, thy cruel murder shall be avenged! For every drop of thy blood which he shed, I will wring from him a tainted drop from nearest his crime-stained heart.

Curtain. End of Prologue.

ACT THE FIRST.

Home of Foster. Foster with dejected look seated at fire-place. Door R. and L. 3d E's. Large practicable window in flat R. C.

Fos. The terrible events of that day can never be obliterated from my memory; sooner or later the deed must come to light, and then—I shudder to think of it—disgrace, ruin, despair—perhaps forced to end my existence with a rope about my neck, to die like a felon for a crime of which I am guiltless. But who will believe me so? None. Were it only for myself how easily could I bear all the pain and obloquy they might heap upon me; but to think of my poor wife and child—oh, I will think of it no more, it maddens me. (*Knocks heard.*) Come in. (*Enter Lewis R.*)

Lewis. Ah, Foster, did you speak to Mrs. Lisle about that matter?

Fos. Yes, and she seemed agreeable. I congratulate you on your success.

Lew. My success? Why friend Foster you have done it all. I am under lasting obligations to you. What will you do now for a house-keeper?

Fos. We must try to get along without her. Jennie has so far recovered that she will be able to manage very well.

Lew. I hope so. Why Foster, the first time I saw Mrs. Lisle I made up my mind that I'd have her. Said I to myself, Grif., she's yours, and here's my prophesy about to be vertified. Are you quite certain that I've got the field all to myself, Foster?

Fos. All to yourself Lewis, provided you step right up with a bold front to her and say, take me for better or for worse, especially the latter, and you'll not be disappointed.

Lew. I am glad to hear you talk so cheerfully, Foster, you have been so blue of late.

Fos. Ah, I fear the gypsey may turn up again—then I'm lost.

Lew. Pshaw! you always look at the dark side.

Fos. Yes, but he would bring men to testify against me that would swear to anything. You are the only soul on this earth to whom I have confided this secret, and I want you be very careful never to breathe a word to anyone about it.

Lew. Trust me, certainly not. You wrong me even to harbor the suspicion of such a thing.

Fos. Forgive me, Lewis, I knew you wouldn't, but I find myself growing more and more aprehensive as the days drag on. The sight of my own shadow startles me.

Lew. Indeed I do not think we have anything to fear from him now. It is more than six months since anything has been seen or heard from him. So desperate a character as he was must come to an untimely end.

Fos. I differ with you there, Grif. You know the poet Wordsworth says, "The good die first, and they whose hearts are dry as summer dust, burn to the socket."

Lew. True, but as the days glide on you ought to be more hopeful.

Fos. Preach hope to him who has not all to lose. Think what I have at stake.

Lew. Yes, but all will yet be well. Quiet now, I hear some one coming. See, Foster! what face was that?

Fos. Where?

Lew. At the window! I saw a face there!

Fos. Can it be possible?

Lew. Yes. Remain till I see. (*Goes to window.*) All is quiet without, except the wind whistling through the pine trees, and the lonely cry of the night-hawk—an ominous sound. (*Enter Mrs. Lisle L.*)

Mrs. L. Why are you so quiet? and Mr. Foster how pale you look.

Lew. It's nothing. I was relating an exciting tale to him.

Fos. You will excuse me, I am not feeling very well; perhaps I had better retire.

Mrs. L. Can I help you sir?

Fos. No thank you, I can manage very well. Good night. (*Exit L.*)

Mrs. L. Didn't you know any better Grif. than to relate exciting tales to him. The doctor says he is in delicate health, and a sudden shock may kill him.

Lew. I beg pardon Mrs. Lisle, but it was not my fault at all. You may believe me.

Mrs. L. Now don't try to gloze it over for I know better. Didn't you say so yourself?

Lew. Yes, but if you only knew.

Mrs. L. I do know, so that's enough.

Lew. Well?

Mrs. L. You see I am right.

LEW. Invariably, Mrs. Lisle.

MRS. L. Mr. Foster has informed of your intentions. It is strange that you hadn't manhood enough about you to speak for yourself.

LEW. Alas, my dear Mrs. Lisle, you really must bear with me a little, you know how delicate a subject matrimony is.

MRS. L. The more reason you should speak for yourself. These things are very unsatisfactory at second hand, to say the least.

LEW. Oh forgive me my angel, and if a life of devotion can make amends for my past offences then you shall yet be a truly happy woman. (*Falls on his knees.*)

MRS. L. Don't fall on your knees in that manner, you will ruin your clothes. If you had been an unsophisticated youth, I might have thought you didn't know any better, but in one who has already been married, and has had experience in such matters your conduct is quite unpardonable. By the way, Griffith, how often have you been married, and what is your previous history—what are your antecedents? Who were your parents? Strange tales are told about you. I want you to give me a full account of yourself, and remember if you tell me as much as one fib, I renounce you forevermore. Tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as the lawyers say. When a green girl, I was led into an unhappy alliance, and that's enough for a life-time.

LEW. Let the past be buried, and take me as I am with all my imperfections on my head.

MRS. L. Not much. I must know your history Grif., from the time of your birth down to the present day.

LEW. It would fill forty volumes. Besides there is much had better remain in darkness, with the veil of charity over it.

MRS. L. No doubt of that. Shall I know all?

LEW. Every bit of it if you must, for I love you heart and soul and would deny you nothing. But you will positively hate me before I get through. Why not take me on trust as I take you. Now how would you like it if I were to ask you to tell everything, everything mind you, that you had done in your life-time.

MRS. L. You may know all. The man I married was, and is for aught I know to the contrary still a drunkard. We lived a life such as I hope no human beings ever lived before. Day by day he promised to correct his habits, but all to no purpose; he

could not let liquor alone and we were both miserable. I bore it as long as I could, but when it got so far that he robbed me of what I had by hard toil accumulated—for he had long ceased to toil himself—I applied for a divorce and easily obtained it.

LEW. But Mrs. Lisle, I am no such man as you speak of.

MRS. L. Then why do you hesitate?

LEW. Will you forgive me my faults?

MRS. L. That will depend entirely on the nature of those faults.

LEW. They were very serious ones as I am fully aware. Well, to begin at the beginning, I was born—

MRS. L. We will pass over that this evening. Commence at your twenty-first year.

LEW. I was then living in the county of Jackson, on the Western frontier of the State of Missouri, near the Mormon Settlement.

MRS. L. Ah, near the Mormon Settlement?

LEW. Yes, ma'am. Do you wish to hear any more.

MRS. L. You may continue.

LEW. Being thrown into daily intercourse with these people, and being very young at the time, it may not seem strange to you that I imbibed and accepted many of their doctrines. Must I go on?

MRS. L. Continue, sir, continue.

LEW. If I did not love you as I do, I could not go on. Well, I became in time a good Mormon.

MRS. L. Miserable wretch there never existed such a thing as a good Mormon. But continue, sir, continue.

LEW. Hear me through, please. If you keep on at this rate I cannot continue; it will be impossible. You must forgive me my errors of the past, and judge me by the future.

MRS. L. Go on, I must know all.

LEW. Prepare now for the worst. I,—I—

MRS. L. Why do you pause?

LEW. I—— married two wives.

MRS. L. At one time?

LEW. At one time—and may heaven forgive me.

MRS. L. You said that very fervently, sir.

LEW. I meant it very fervently, madam.

MRS. L. Was your married life unhappy?

LEW. Sincerely, yes.

MRS. L. Did you leave the Mormon Church of your own accord, or are you still a Mormon?

LEW. I left it of my own free will. I saw as I grew older that the superstructure of Mormonism was reared on a rotten foundation. In permitting a plurality of wives the teachings of Joseph Smith, like those of his prototype Mohammed, degraded women, thus crushing out social equality in the sexes, and taking at once a vast retrogade step. Where woman is placed beneath the man there can be no such unshackled advancement as in the case of Christianity, which admits woman as an equal, and therefore is ever progressive, marching onward with a clear eye and firm elastic step.

MRS. L. Are both women dead?

LEW. Certainly, my dear, else I could not marry you. My last wife died ten years ago.

MRS. L. Was she one of the two?

LEW. No, she was another.

MRS. L. Had the other two died before you married her?

LEW. Yes they were both dead.

MRS. L. Then you have three wives buried.

LEW. That is all.

MRS. L. All: quite sufficient I should say.

LEW. No I meant I did not marry any more.

MRS. L. A splendid record you have got.

LEW. Will you forgive me? I have reformed entirely.

MRS. L. I must have a little time to consider; your story has quite unnerved me. (*Enter Stantley quietly, R.*)

LEW. (*Seeing Stantley.*) The devil!

MRS. L. Sir?

LEW. Not you my dear—look there!

MRS. L. That horrid gypsey! How did you get in?

STANT. At the door.

MRS. L. Well you would oblige us by going out the same way.

STANT. I'm sorry to disturb your little tete-a-tete, but business of importance necessitates my staying. I want to see Mr. Foster. Call him at once.

LEW. The devil!

STANT. Are you still calling on your patron saint. Inform Mr. Foster that I wish to see him at once.

MRS. L. This insolence is intolerable. Leave the house. Mr. Lewis will you show this man the door?

LEW. You forget my dear that we are in another man's domicile. Let us call Mr. Foster.

MRS. L. Mr. Foster is very ill, and must not be awakened. He is asleep. (*Enter Foster, L.*)

FOS. Leave me friends to deal with this man alone.

LEW. All right sir. Come Mrs. Lisle. (*Exit Mrs. L. and Lewis, L.*)

(*While Foster is in front enter accomplice of Stantley, R.*)

STANT. (*To Fyfe.*) Remain where I can have you at a moment's notice—at the window.

FYFE. All right, captain. (*Exit Fyfe, R.*)

FOS. Now we are alone, what is the nature of your business?

STANT. Your memory is short as ever. I am a man of few words. Your daughter Jennie must become my wife at once.

FOS. You cannot have her; I am resolved.

STANT. Must I remind you again of that little affair at Tradles' mine? Wilson, the man you murdered died in my arms. Do you want me to reveal that to the authorities here?

FOS. I defy you. Do your worst.

STANT. Man, are you insane? You forget your family.

FOS. I forget nothing. It is better that I should suffer than to have my daughter marry such a man as you are.

STANT. Be careful, I warn you, or you will regret it. I can be patient even though I am the Waywode of a tribe in whose veins flows the hot blood of the South, which burns and tingles at the slightest provocation.

FOS. It is I whose blood ought to tingle at the insult you have offered me. What a villian I must be to link my daughter with one she despises—to force her to mary a man whose very presence is odious to her. If by sacrificing my poor life I could save her from your contaminating touch it will be but a paltry price. What I!—to have her part with virtue, honor, everything, to save a life which has long since crossed the meridian, and is even now slowly sinking to set forever—to purchase a few years of miserable existence at such a price?—No, never! Rather would I have every member of my body torn from its place, and cast piece-meal to famished wolves than to stain her honor with the polluting touch of one as degraded as you.

STANT. Have it as you choose. I will show you to the world in your true colors. (*Enter Jennie Foster, L.*)

JENNIE. Oh father, what does this man mean by his terrible threats?

FOS. He is a villian!

STANT. Cling to him while you may for his stay here will be short. I charge him with the murder of his partner Morgan, at Traddles' mine.

JENNIE. Oh father, is it true? (*Enter Juan, R.*)

JUAN. It is a lie! You are the murderer of my brother. For days and nights I have been on your track, and many times my pistol has been aimed at your heart, but I could not kill you, much as you deserve it. Now stay and answer to the charge I will bring against you, or I'll shoot you as I would a cur.

STANT. Fire at me if you dare. Just the second your bullet enters my body, she will drop dead in her tracks. Ha! ha! you do not believe me? I am a magician. The gypseys taught me their secret arts.

JUAN. Fool! do you think we are to be frightened by tales of that kind. Throw up your hands!

STANT. You are still incredulous—Look at the window.

FOS. Spare her!

JUAN. *(Turns and sees Fyfe at window, with rifle pointed at Jennie's heart, drops on his knees.)* Spare her—my brother loved her, and I cannot see her die.

STANT. The game is reversed. I thought I could bring you to terms. *(Goes to door, R.)* Curse you Traddles for this interference, but we'll meet again.

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scenery, mountains in back-ground. Fortune-Teller's tent, L. 3 E. wide, open in front, and showing elegantly arranged couch, skin on ground etc., colors bright and variegated, gypsey taste. Log or stumps of trees for Morgan and Rose, R. 1 E. Tripod.

RACHEL. Here we are still Emmanuel, buried in the mountains and likely to starve to death before we get out of them. I wish I was in the States again near our old friends. I want to see them so much; but forbye the Waywode is away most of the time, and keeps that guiltless man a prisoner, we are obliged to remain

in this place, where there is never a stranger from one year's end to the other. A nice place for telling fortunes. It seems an age since my palm has been crossed by the yellow sonnakai or coin of roop. Where is the Waywode?

EMMANUEL. I don't know.

RACH. He is about some dark business again. Since he's been with us everything has gone wrong. The rook!

EMMAN. Hush!

RACH. You know it has, Emmanuel. Why does he keep the young man a prisoner?

EMMAN. I don't know. Stop with your chatter. If he knew this he would kill us both.

RACH. Aye, so he would if the others would let him. But haven't we royal blood in our veins? Aren't we decendants of the Lees?

EMMAN. Yes but he cares nothing for royal blood, he would shed that as quick as any other. If he were a true gypsey then it might make some difference, but you remember he was kidnapped from his parents when a little bit of a lad with a sweet face and curly hair. Bethink ye Rachel, I was one of the party that stole him away from his home. It was a wicked deed, and bitterly have we paid for it. He has been a curse to the band. I can see his mother yet, poor lady—with her suffering face, mourning the loss of her little boy, her only child. I tried to get your father to give him back but he wouldn't do it. He had taken a fancy to the little fellow, and said he would bring him up, and make a Waywode of him. You recollect your grandam foretold all this, and it has come true: the White Waywode has all but ruined us.

RACH. She prophesied it word for word. Do you know why father was so earnest about getting the boy?

EMMAN. Yes, he wanted to bring him up to marry our Rose, who was then a nursing infant.

RACH. Rose hates him.

EMMAN. I know it, and rejoice in it. He could not have her with my consent—if I died for it the next minute.

RACH. Nor with mine. But hush, we may be overheard. Where is Rose now?

EMMAN. She went with our prisoner, Morgan, to pick some wild flowers for him.

RACH. Is there no danger of him escaping.

EMMAN. None. Clement watches him closely, besides he gave his word of honor to me that he would not try, and he wouldn't break that.

RACH. Our romee loves the young fellow I believe, and since she's been in his company has improved wonderfully. He taught her to read and write and behave like a lady. Sure she loves him or she wouldn't mind him as she does, and I can see a bright sparkle in her eyes when she looks in his face. Before he came here there never was a book to be seen in our tents, now Rose is never without one; and it is a great wonder to me how much the girl knows; more than the both of us, Emmanuel.

EMMAN. Yes about book-learning she does, but we don't have any need of books. The great book of nature is open to us. We know the name and habits of every bird and beast that roams the wood, every flower that decorates the earth, which book folks do not. We know the plants which help us when we are sick, and there is not a line on the face or a mark on the hand that does not reveal to us some trait of character. What do they know of these things?

RACH. True, but they have books that tell all about it, and doctors to help them when they are sick.

EMMAN. If you had said doctors to kill them when they are sick, it would have been nearer the mark. What do they know about horses? Can any of them teach me aught about a horse?

RACH. No, Emmanuel, that no one can. You were always among horses though. Do you remember too the time I was sick with the fever—who was it cured me?

EMMAN. He was a smart man to speak the truth, although he was one of their doctors. They are not all like that. But listen to me Rachel; suppose that young fellow Morgan should come to us and say, "I want your daughter." Shall we give her to him?"

RACH. I would be willing, but the Waywode might not be satisfied.

EMMAN. He had better not interfere in our doings. I hate him, for if he hadn't got the good will of your father, I should be the Waywode instead of him.

RACH. Hush! I hear some one coming. *(Enter Rose and Morgan, L.)*

ROSE. We have had such a nice time, father, Caryl and I, and I told him mother would tell his fortune. I never could get

him to consent to it before, because he does not believe in it. Superstition, he calls it.

EMMAN. There he is wrong. Rachel show him what you know.

RACH. Give me your hand. No, the left hand, sir. What I will tell him is of importance to you, so bear it in mind. See! there is a terrible calamity hanging over your head.

ROSE. Oh mother I am sorry I had you tell him. Will he escape it?

RACH. I think so, the line of life is long. If he gets through it all right he will live to be over eighty years old. You are an honest man, and sprung from honest parents. You have given much and received little. You have loved an E. and an M.: M. the best. You will be married within a year; your wife will be dark complexioned. You will be very happy, and will have three children lovely and welcome as the flowers in May. Long life and good luck to you. Come Emmanuel.

EMMAN. Where, Rachel?

RACH. *(Nodding.)* I want to see the colt you were telling me of.

EMMAN. All right dear. *(Exit Emmanuel and Rachel.)*

ROSE. Here is a pretty flower, Caryl; will you wear it for me.

MORG. Certainly, Rose; you have been so kind to me since I have been a prisoner.

ROSE. Do you pine for liberty as much as ever.

MORG. Why did you ask me that question, Rose?

ROSE. I should so very much like to have you stay with us always.

MORG. I am afraid I could never get accustomed to your roving ways. My friends too must mourn me for dead, since they have not heard from me in so long a time, and I am very anxious to see them. What can your Waywode want of me? I have offered him all I possessed to be liberated, but he only laughed at me.

ROSE. He is a very wicked man, and I don't like him. You would not go away from here, and leave me alone, would you, Caryl?

MORG. How strangely you speak, Rose. I should be obliged to leave you, if I were liberated, although it would grieve me very much. You have been so good and kind to me my best friend, and the one being who have made this life endurable while I have been among you—a prisoner.

ROSE. Oh Caryl, I was wrong to speak as I did, but you are so different from any man I have ever seen, and I could not help loving you. After you leave I shall have no one to teach me, no one to speak to me as you have spoken.

MORG. Why, my little Rose, there will be your mother and you father, and the others, who have all learned to love you. You are young yet, and I did not think could be so serious in matters of affection.

ROSE. I tried to keep my secret, but could not. I loved you too much, and have not the cunning to hide my feelings. I would willingly die for you.

MORG. And so could I for you, Rose. Oh child, I did not wish you to learn the bitter lesson of love from me. If I had but thought that our friendship would go this far, I should have avoided you, and saved you the pain. But what was I to do? You were like a ray of sunshine, and I could not say "begone."

ROSE. Could you not in time learn to love me? I know that I am still young and inexperienced, and I would be so willing to have you instruct me. I would give up this wild life for your sake, and you would never have to blush for anything I did. Oh Caryl, Caryl, speak to me—love me, or my heart will break. *(Sobs and violent grief.)*

MORG. Rose! my little friend! will you not listen to me? I cannot see you in this distress. It pains me more than words can tell. Your father and your mother will be here presently. Come, come, do not weep so. Come, Rose, I wish to tell you something.

ROSE. Oh Caryl, Caryl, I love you so much.

MORG. Come now, you should not grieve so. Why, my little pupil you are scarcely a woman, and yet to be so passionate and willful; I did not think this of you.

ROSE. I suppose it is because I am a gypsey, but I'll weep no more.

MORG. Now that's sensible, and I admire you more than ever I did, my good little friend.

ROSE. Oh don't speak kind words to me any more; scold me, and then I can hate you.

MORG. I don't want you to hate me, but let us be friends. Listen to my story, and then you will understand me better than you do, and will also think better of me. I wished to keep my secret locked in my own bosom, but since your pride has been

wounded, I have though it better that you should know all. You will then know also why I have been so determined to get away from here. Before I came to California I formed the acquaintance of a young lady, pure, and good, and steadfast as you are, and we loved each other with a perfect love. It was arranged that after a certain length of time we should be married. If I had not fallen into the hands of your chief I should have started in less than two weeks, by steamer from San Francisco, to claim my bride. She is now waiting for me, I am sure, and suffering a world of agony, as I have suffered at not hearing from me in all this time. You know all now. Do you blame me?

ROSE. I cannot blame you, I can only love you. Forgive me Caryl for annoying you with my foolish tears, and do not cease to be my friend hereafter. When you leave us go directly to her, and tell her that among the gypseys you had found a wild flower, whose heart had grown fragrant with love under your care, but when the attention you had bestowed upon it was withdrawn, it soon withered and died. Say no more. Some one is coming. I hear footsteps. *(Enter Stantley, R.)*

STANT. Ah, I see you have not been idle during my absence, Morgan. Where are the rest of the band, Rose?

ROSE. Some have gone down to the stream to fish; the rest are not far away.

STANT. I told them they were not to leave the prisoner alone.

ROSE. I have been with him the greater part of the time, and Clement also has been watching.

STANT. As to your watching, I don't give that for it. *(Whistles. Several come in.)*

EMMAN. What is it?

STANT. Why haven't my orders been obeyed.

EMMAN. They were obeyed as far as I know.

STANT. Did I not say that the prisoner was to be kept under constant watch?

EMMAN. You did, and so he has been.

STANT. You mock me; there was no one with him but Rose.

EMMAN. I was not far away; if she had called me I had appeared instantly. He must be a fool to leave us for he would surely starve to death in the mountains, if he tried to escape. He also gave me his word of honor that he should not attempt it.

STANT. His word of honor! Are you so green as that?

EMMAN. I don't believe he would break it.

STANT. You are a fool.

EMMAN. No more of that, Waywode. I was with the band before you were born, and no one ever dared call me that name.

STANT. As to you, prisoner, who have been the immediate cause of all this, you die within ten minutes.

MORG. I am prepared. Death comes but once.

ROSE. Oh father he must not die, it will kill me.

EMMAN. Be quiet, daughter.

ROSE. *(To Stant.)* Please, Waywode, spare his life; he has been so good and kind to me.

STANT. Yes, he has been very kind to you, taught you to love him, and then casts you off like an old shoe.

MORG. You are a coward! (*Stantley starts for him with knife.*) I do not fear you, loathsome eavesdropper: a manly trick it was in you to play the role of a sneak. (*To Rose.*) Spare your tears my little friend, they are thrown away on him; his heart is harder than flint.

STANT. I might have saved you but those words have sealed your doom—you will be strung up immediately. Bring a rope, Gabriel.

ROSE. Oh father save him. Do not let them murder him before my eyes; it will surely kill me.

EMMAN. Be quiet daughter, I cannot help him.

ROSE. Then give me your knife and I will kill him.

ENMAN. Who would you kill—not the Waywode?

ROSE. Yes the Waywode! (*Gabriel appears with rope.*)

STANT. Place it about his neck Gabriel.

EMMAN. Stop! such a thing has never been done before—It is against our custom. Of what crime is he guilty?

STANT. I am the judge of that; place the rope about his neck.

ROSE. Oh do not let them kill him, father, he has done so much for me.

EMMAN. Still, my daughter; be quiet now, I am resolved he shall not die.

STANT. You have just a minute to say your prayers, if you want to say any—quick!

MORG. I have been prepared for this some time; they are already said. Good bye, Emmanuel, and you Rachel and the rest. Farewell my little Rose that has been so kind to me. Here take this package, and give it to her whose name you will find on it. It is my last request, Rose.

ROSE. I cannot see you die. (*Aside.*) If he kills you I will kill him.

MORG. Do not speak so Rose. Promise me that you will deliver this package.

STANT. Your time is up.—Come.

MORG. Promise me quick, Rose.

ROSE. I promise Caryl, faithfully to deliver it to her.

MORG. A thousand blessings on you. Farewell!

ROSE. I cannot say farewell. Oh, is there no hope?

MORG. Absolutely none. In a few moments I shall be before the throne of my Maker to answer for all my transgressions. See that I am decently buried. (*To Stantley.*) Now I am ready. Proceed with your hellish work, and make it short as possible.

STANT. Hoist him up.

EMMAN. Death and destruction light on me if I see this innocent man murdered! It will kill my child! Take that! (*Shoots Stantley, who falls. Excitement.*)

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN.

ACT THE THIRD.

HOME OF MAUD YALE.

Elegantly furnished apartment. Fireplace L., table and chairs L. C. Pictures of lady and boy above fireplace. Door back R. C. and door 2d E. R. Ninette discovered lighting wax candle in elegant old fashioned candlestick.

NINETTE. (*Surveying the room.*) There! I'll go now and call my mistress. Stay! Let me see if there is coal enough in the grate. Yes, it's all right. (*Discovers letter on floor.*) What's this? a letter! a love-letter perhaps. Who sent it, I wonder? Can it be from that young man who went to California, and was not heard from till this morning. It must be. When he comes back, if they ever succeed in finding him, won't my mistress be happy! A great change came over her when she heard that he was still alive, although a prisoner of some horrid gypseys. Poor fellow, perhaps they've killed and scalped him before this. I hope not

though for my poor mistress' sake; she would pine away and die I believe, like that story I read some time ago about a pretty maiden, whose name was Echo. She worried and fretted so for a young man named Narcotics, I believe, till there was nothing left but her voice; and that's the last thing a woman parts with. Why here I've opened the letter. Suppose I were to peep into it, she would never know. It is wrong to do so I am sure, and it would displease her, for she don't like inquisitive people one bit. Oh, I should like to know what is in it! (*Partly unfolds letter and reads.*) Sacramento. Goodness me, it opens with a swear word the first thing! I won't read it. Here comes my mistress, I hear the rustle of her dress. What shall I do? (*Tries to slip it into envelope.*) There it won't go in the envelope. Pshaw! (*Puts letter on table. Enter Maud Yale and Rose.*)

MAUD. I have mislaid a letter, Ninette. Have you seen anything of it?

NIN. Yes'm, it lay on the floor, and I picked it up and put it on the table.

MAUD. Ah, that's a good girl; I am so glad you found it. I was afraid I had lost it. It was very careless on my part. Why, it is not in the envelope. Was it so, Ninette, when you discovered it? had it slipped out perhaps?

NIN. Oh, pardon me Miss Yale, I am so sorry.

MAUD. Sorry for what, Ninette?

NIN. That I started to read it.

MAUD. Started to read it, you say?

NIN. Yes, although it was just as bad as if I had read it through. I merely read the first word, and it sounded so like a curse on my curiosity that I could read no farther. Oh, forgive me?

MAUD. I am ashamed of you Ninette, that you would permit your curiosity so far to master your sense of propriety as to be guilty of such a thing.

NIN. I am very sorry, mistress. Please pardon me, and I will never do so again.

MAUD. Well, you have my forgiveness this time, Ninette, but be careful in the future. In an older person your conduct would be quite unpardonable. Servants see and hear quite enough of their master's and mistress' affairs without prying into their secrets. Still I do not wish to chide you, I am sure you will never do so again, will you?

NIN. No, believe me.

MAUD. Good. You may retire. (*Exit Ninette. Turning to Rose.*) Rose, how would you like to accompany me to California.

ROSE. Where?

MAUD. To California.

ROSE. Oh, I should like it ever so much; it would be grand.

MAUD. You must not get too enthusiastic over it. I fear it would not be so grand as you imagine. Think of the long, tedious journey on the water.

ROSE. I enjoy the water above everything.

MAUD. You are altogether too romantic, Rose.

ROSE. Ah, mistress, I was born near the ocean, on the coast of France, as you know. We could plainly hear, from where our little cottage stood, the moaning surges of the sea, as the waves dashed against the rocks, which lined the shore. I had a lover too, who was a sailor.

MAUD. Did you love him very much, or was it merely a childish affection that faded as flowers fade in winter?

ROSE. No, I loved him with an undying love, so fixed that I might rather pluck out my heart than it—a love which consumed everything else in the heat of its intensity a love which made me forget mother, father, friends—everything that is near and dear to other mortals. I lived but in his glance, and away from him I had no existence.

MAUD. Is it possible?—how have I been deceived in you!

ROSE. Deceived in me?

MAUD. Yes, I thought you were meek and gentle, instead of that you are a perfect little whirlwind. It pains me to think that I unwittingly awoke unpleasant thoughts. Let me see, how long have you been with us?

ROSE. I scarce can remember—about a month, I should say, but it seems much longer.

MAUD. Much longer? Have you not been well used since you have made this your home? I told the servants to treat you with consideration, for I knew you were proud and sensitive, and had been reared by a gentleman who had met with reverses, as you informed me when I gave you the position you now occupy. I hope you have always found me considerate.

ROSE. I have no fault to find. You must pardon me. There are times when we are not ourselves—when we cannot restrain

our feelings. The thought of that love revived in my bosom, and I spoke from the fullness—the wretchedness of my heart. You have never loved so, have you?

MAUD. I scarcely know how to answer you. When I enquired about your lover I did not think that our conversation would arrive at its present stage, but since it is so, I may answer that I too have loved, and do love, faithfully. Not indeed in the manner you speak of, for I have not ceased to esteem my father and my mother less, nor any of my friends; but my love for them has been always the same. Since you will of necessity know more about my affairs, as I have chosen you for a companion, I may as well tell you that the reason of my going to the Pacific coast, is none other than that I expect there to find him, who promised to make me his wife, but was prevented from doing so some time ago, by unfortunately falling into the hands of a band of gypseys, who have held him a prisoner.

ROSE. How did you make this discovery?

MAUD. In a very ordinary manner, which I will explain more fully hereafter.

ROSE. You have interested me very much; will you not tell me now?

MAUD. You must excuse me for the present, Rose; I do not wish to deny you. Remind me at some other time, and I will tell you all about it. It is not often that I make a confidant of a person, but somehow I have been drawn towards you, especially since I heard that you had been brought up a lady, and had met with misfortunes. (*Door bell rings.*) Hark! Some one is coming.

ROSE. Who can it be?

MAUD. My cousin, I think; it is about time he came to weary me again with his tedious visits.

ROSE. Ah, then you do not love him?

MAUD. Only as a cousin.

ROSE. Excuse me. (*Maud bows. Exit R. 2 E.*)

(Enter Paul Anderson, who bows awkwardly to Rose. Paul slightly under influence of liquor.)

PAUL. Evening, cousin Maud.

MAUD. Good evening, sir. Be seated.

PAUL. Thanks. Cousin I've come to see you on a matter of importance—great importance.

MAUD. What is it?

PAUL. Can't you guess?

MAUD. I have not the remotest idea.

PAUL. Will you take a stroll with me over to the lake—you remember you refused me the time before.

MAUD. I do not care to go.

PAUL. Why not?

MAUD. Because I do not wish to listen to your silly conversation.

PAUL. Silly conversation! My conversation isn't any sillier than anybody else's. Why am I so distasteful to you? Ain't my looks and actions the same as those of other men? Can't you have a comfortable home with me, and everything a woman could reasonably desire? You are not aware of the depth of my affection. "Vast as the blue ocean—

MAUD. Oh, nonsense. How often have you told me the same thing?

PAUL. Try to bury the hatchet—I mean the past, and throw aside the gloomy phantoms which it must recall.

MAUD. And you sir, it would be better for you to discontinue your present mode of life. Look at your face in the mirror.

PAUL. What's the matter with my face?

MAUD. I have begged you for your father's sake, for your sister's sake, for my sake to abandon your bad habits and drink no more. You will become in time a physical and moral wreck unless you live more temperately.

PAUL. Then why don't you marry me?

MAUD. We are cousins—let that suffice; an alliance between us would entail endless misery on both. If that does not satisfy you, know also that while you cling to your present habits you are unworthy any true woman's love.

PAUL. I don't think if both those obstacles were removed that you would have me anyway. No, not if I heaped up this room with more valuables than Pizarro was offered by the Inca for his liberation.

MAUD. True, cousin, for while Caryl Morgan lives, no other man shall call me wife.

PAUL. I can't see what pleasure you can have in clinging to that love any longer:—transfer it to something tangible—love me, for instance. If he were alive wouldn't he appear?

MAUD. He is alive.

PAUL. No:—Where? (*Looks around room.*)

MAUD. Read this letter.

PAUL. Always my luck. (*Aside.*) No, you read it. I'll listen.

MAUD. It is from the former partner of Mr. Morgan. This is what he says.

PAUL. Excuse me a moment: when did you get the letter?

MAUD. This morning.

PAUL. This morning!

MAUD. I should now be on my way to San Francisco, but for the fact that no vessel leaves New York for that point till next week.

PAUL. You do not mean to leave us, do you?

MAUD. I shall certainly do so.

PAUL. Truth always was stranger than fiction. Caryl Morgan alive! Read the letter, cousin.

MAUD. (*Reading.*) It is with great pleasure that I take this means of informing you that Mr. Morgan has again been heard from.

PAUL. Again been heard from! Had you received a letter prior to this one?

MAUD. No. It must have gone astray in the mails. I would give much to know what it contained. But to continue. (*Reads.*) A gypsey has brought us this valuable piece of information. I informed you in a previous letter how Mr. Traddles, who had sold us the mine, had discovered the place where the gypsey villian Stantley, known as the White Waywode, had encamped, and why he held Mr. Morgan a prisoner, also my unfortunate connection in the matter. I am happy to state also that my daughter has recovered from the shock she received on that terrible day when the gypsey visited us. We made a thorough search of the place indicated by Mr. Traddles, but no trace of the Waywode or any of his band could be found, nor any clue that might lead to his discovery till the gypsey, mentioned above, furnished us with information which we have reason to believe will result in again restoring him to us. The gypsey furthermore says that Mr. Morgan has some warm friends among the band, who will protect him if necessary. If anything new transpires be assured that I will inform you at the earliest possible moment. So farewell for the present. In haste, your obedient servant. James Foster. What do you think of it cousin?

PAUL. Think of it! I believe with your kind permission I'll go over to the lake and get a breath of fresh air—or drown myself.

MAUD. Say good-bye before you go, Paul; it may be some time before you see me again.

PAUL. Just my luck. "'Twas ever thus since childhood's happy hours, I've seen my fondest hope decay." All those beautiful castles which I have constructed are rudely torn down, and with grief and blasted expectations, I lie buried beneath the ruins. Popocatapetl on Iztaccihuatl, Pelion on Ossa! Farewell. You are not going alone, I hope.

MAUD. No, I shall be accompanied by a lady friend.

PAUL. But you ought to have a male protector. (*Ring of door bell.*)

MAUD. I shall probably return with one.

PAUL. Well cousin, even though I have pestered you considerably you have my best wishes.

MAUD. Good-bye, Paul.

PAUL. Good-bye, cousin Maud. Oh! may I see you once more before you go?

MAUD. Certainly.

PAUL. When do you leave?

MAUD. The day after to-morrow.

PAUL. I'll be on hand, sober as a judge. *Au revoir.*

MAUD. *Au revoir. (Enter Ninette with card tray.)* "Juan Traddles!"—Show the gentleman in at once. What news does he being?—to arrive so soon after the letter, too; I cannot understand it. *(Enter Stantley slowly.)*

STANT. Good evening, Madam.

MAUD. Good evening, sir. You are Mr. Traddles, the gentleman who sold Mr. Morgan the mine? I am very glad to see you sir. Pray be seated. When did you arrive in town? I hope you are the bearer of good news.

STANT. I arrived in town this morning, and came here directly after finding where you were located. I am the bearer of news which I think will interest you - Mr. Morgan lives!

MAUD. So Mr. Foster informed me in the letter.

STANT. The deuce you say.

MAUD. Sir?

STANT. So I was about to say when you spoke.

MAUD. How did you first discover that Mr. Morgan was alive?

STANT. Did not the letter explain that?

MAUD. No, sir; Mr. Foster's first letter must have gone astray in the mails, as I received but one.

STANT. That's very strange.

MAUD. I supposed you were searching for Mr. Morgan; so the letter states.

STANT. No. I was taken sick, and had to return. Foster is keeping up the search.

MAUD. Why did the gypsey Stantley hold Mr. Morgan a prisoner?

STANT. Don't you know?

MAUD. I should not have enquired of you if I had known. This is either Western rudeness or something akin to it. (*Aside.*)

STANT. A Thousand apologies, mam. We miners are rough, as a class, and don't know exactly how to handle ourselves among ladies. But I'll tell you why the gypsey held him. Oh! Did Foster tell you anything about his shooting Morgan at Traddles' mine?

MAUD. Oh no, sir. Was he seriously hurt?

STANT. No mam, he was not.

MAUD. Why did he shoot Mr. Morgan?

STANT. It was an accident. Perhaps Foster forgot to mention the shooting; he was often troubled with a short memory.

MAUD. What do you think are the chances of success in liberating Mr. Morgan from the gypseys.

STANT. Well, its hard to say; let us hope for the best. (*Gazes at pictures above fire-place, starts back, and enquires excitedly.*) Whose pictures are those on the wall?

MAUD. How strangely he acts. (*Aside.*) The lady's portrait is that of an aunt; the other is her son, my cousin.

STANT. Your cousin?

MAUD. You seem very much interested. Did you ever see either of them before?

STANT. I think I have—I'm sure I have.

MAUD. They are both dead. The poor mother lost her child —he was stolen from her by a band of gypseys. She died of a broken heart.

STANT. Poor woman. She died of a broken heart for the loss of her boy, you say?

MAUD. Yes, we tried in every way to cheer her up, but she pined away and died.

STANT. *(Excitedly.)* Listen to me.

MAUD. What is the matter, sir? Why do you stare at me so?

STANT. Listen I say, and do not stir from where you are on peril of your life. I am an imposter. I have deceived you. It was to avenge myself on your lover, Morgan, that I came here to-night. He still lives, and as I told you is in the hands of the gypseys. Through him I was first shot, and then expelled from the band. I came here to-night to rob, perhaps to murder you, but the sight of that face made me change my mind. You were kind to her, and I shall be merciful to you. Let me go my way peacefully, and do not attempt to call for help. I may be of service to you in releasing Morgan from the gypseys. *(Moves toward the door.)*

MAUD. Stay for a moment, stay. Who are you?

STANT. Ask me no more questions, it is not best.

MAUD. Speak to me—tell me who you are?

STANT. You have brought it on yourself then. I was abducted by gypseys when a child. They made me their chief. I remember the pictures on the wall. That is my portrait—she was my mother—and you are my cousin. *(Maud sinks into a chair, and Rose enters R., Stantley gazes in astonishment.)*

ROSE. The Waywode!

STANT. Rose!

CURTAIN.

ACT THE FOURTH.

HOME OF FOSTER.

(Enter Foster, L.)

FOSTER. Come in Potter. The groom hasn't arrived yet, and we can have a little chat before the ceremony. Why what are you going to do with all those books.

POTTER. I thought they might come handy, Foster; you know I haven't had much experience in the marrying line; this in fact will be my first attempt, and I thought I'd read up in the business. Now I might make a mistake you see, as I don't know exactly how to perform the ceremony.

FOS. You'll get along all right, Potter.

POT. I hope so; I shouldn't like to make a failure of the first time. If it was a shooting or hanging case I'd know just how to handle it, but this marryin kinder gits me. Let's see what's the young man's name.

FOS. Juan Traddles.

POT. That's a hard name to remember, so I'll chalk it down. And your daughter—what's her first name? I always forget.

FOS. Jennie.

POT. Down she goes too. There! By the way what are the prospects of joining Grif. Lewis to Mrs. Lisle? Does she still hang fire.

FOS. Yes; he had to tell her that he had been a Mormon, and then she refused point blank to marry him.

POT. Foster, you must use your influence with her. Grif. is too good a fellow for her to let slip, so you must tell her, and while I've got my hand in I might as well marry two couples as one, and pocket the extra fees.

FOS. You mercenary wretch! Is this all you are thinking of?

POT. Not exactly, Foster, but you seem to forget that I earn a living that way. 'Tisn't often these things happen here, 'cause women are so scarce. I know some chaps that would stick up their noses in the East at a heiress—so particular they were once—that would come out here and marry anything that wore petticoats. But it's with women as it is with money; you never know the value of either 'till you're without it.

FOS. You are right there, Potter.

POT. I was going to ask you; couldn't your prospective son-in-law find out anything in regard to the man, Morgan, who he searched after such a long time?

FOS. Not a thing. He scoured the country for miles and miles, but nothing came of it. The gypsey has either murdered him or hid him somewhere where we cannot find him. Oh, Potter, I would give all I am worth to see him back again alive.

POT. So you would. Now what would you think if I was to tell you that I have a clew?

FOS. A clue! What do you mean?

POT. Only this; I've got the gypsey.

FOS. Impossible! Are you joking?

POT. I don't joke, Foster; it's not in my line of business. Sit down and keep cool.

FOS. Where have you got him?

POT. Outside. Keep cool; he didn't fight hard when we captured him. I believe he intended to give himself up. He confessed that he murdered Traddles at the mine, and wanted to speak to you, so I brought him around. A great change has come over him, and he says he is willing to die after he sees you.

FOS. What can he want of me? If Juan sees him he will kill him.

POT. He is in the custody of two of my men, and disguised so that his best friend, if he has any, wouldn't know him. Can we arrange a private interview in here?

FOS. Yes, I will lock the doors, and you can keep watch.

POT. All right. I'll signal them to bring him up. (*Goes to window and waves his handkerchief.*) Here they come. Promise me that you will keep cool.

FOS. I promise. (*Enter Stantley with two men, who retire. Potter remains at window.*) You are here; what do you want of me?

STANT. I thought you might like to know what had become of your friend Morgan; that is what brought me here.

FOS. Will you tell me that?

STANT. It may be arranged on two conditions.

FOS. What are they?

STANT. First, that you use every effort to restore him to his friends; and secondly, that no harm is to come to those in whose keeping he now remains. It was through me that his life was first jeopardized, and I am solely responsible for what has since happened; that is all.

FOS. I accept the conditions; but how do I know that you are telling the truth?

STANT. What could be my motive in deceiving you now?

FOS. What can be your motive in giving me this information?

STANT. That I will never tell you. Seek not to know it. I loved your daughter. It was on her account that I had the quarrel with Traddles. He stepped between us, and — died.

FOS. His brother is beneath this roof; if he knew you were here he would kill you.

STANT. Do you think if I feared to die that I would be here. You do not know me.

FOS. I do not know you! Alas, too well! Had it not been for you and your hellish deeds, I should not now be prematurely tottering under the weight of my years.

STANT. It's too late to talk about that. I have here in my vest, sewed in the lining, a plan of the location of the gypseys, also the names of all the prominent members of our tribe. You will find also, an opal ring, in which it is believed the souls of one of our dead queens resides, and a written request to have them assist you in finding Morgan. There will be no danger and little trouble in discovering him, since you know what you know now. The ring will make you welcome at any of their camp-fires, but you must return it to the person whose name you will discover in one of the letters, after you have found Morgan.

FOS. I will return that, and pray heaven that you are sincere in your statements.

STANT. You will find it to be true. Come, get the papers, I want to go.

FOS. How can I get them? They are sewed in the lining of your vest, you say.

STANT. Yes, can't you take a knife and cut it open? Potter, there, will loan you his for a minute. It won't take but a minute.

POT. Here it is, Foster.

FOS. *(Takes knife and moves slowly towards Stantley, who is hand cuffed.)* On which side?

STANT. The left.

FOS. (*Dropping knife.*) No, I dare not trust myself; seeing your unprotected breast, I might forget myself, and murder you. Have you no fear man, that you stand there and offer yourself a willing sacrifice for revenge; or are you a fiend incarnate that wish me to steep my hands in your blood, and condemn my soul to everlasting torture?

STANT. Well, what next? Mr. Potter, take these papers. You are not so squeamish about it as Mr. Foster. There! call your men, I am ready to go. (*Potter opens door and admit the men, who take out Stantley.*) Do not forget your promise, Foster.

FOS. I shall not. (*Exit S.*) He is gone, thank heaven. Let us go into the next room and see if the young folks are prepared yet. We must begin the search for Morgan at once.

POT. All right. The books won't be disturbed during our absence, will they?

FOS. No, no, come on!

POT. It's my entire library, you know, and I shouldn't like to

lose 'em. There's two law books, one arithmetic, two histories, and a ball-room guide.

Fos. They'll be perfectly safe, Potter. Come now. (*Ex., R.*)

(Enter Mrs. Lisle and Lewis, L.)

Lewis. My darling, will you never forgive me?

Mrs. L. Since you told me you had been a Mormon, I can scarcely bear the sight of you.

Lew. Unhappy wretch that I am. I am sorry now that I ever told you anything about it till after we were married.

Mrs. L. Griffith! Griffith! are you mad?

Lew. Yes, mad at myself for being such a miserable dolt. What a fool I was to say anything about it. I might have married you, and nobody the wiser for my past misdeeds. Now I get my reward for telling the truth, by you absolutely refusing to have me. There's nothing for me to do but to marry Mrs. Baxter, over the way.

Mrs. L. That horrid Valentine! Grif., you know I hate her: that's why you mention her name.

Lew. Well, if you don't marry me, I'll marry her, that's all. Here's your last chance. Will you have me—yes, or no?

Mrs. L. I'll save you from her, anyhow—yes!

Lew. Heaven bless you my dear. Come to these arms! *(Enter abruptly Potter and Foster.)*

Pot. Hello Foster, lets go; another couple to be joined. *(Exeunt Foster and Potter, R. Enter Morgan, Rachel and Emmanuel, L.)*

Morg. Beg pardon. Is Mr. Foster in?

Lew. Yes sir, be seated. I will go call him. What is the name, please?

Morg. Do not mention any, I wish to surprise him.

Lew. All right, sir. Excuse me a moment. (*Goes to R. door and calls.*) Mr. Foster!

Fos. (*From within.*) Well!

Lew. Some one here wishes to see you.

Fos. (*From within*) I am coming. (*Enter R.*) Is it possible? Caryl, Caryl, is it you. *(Embrace.)*

Morg. Yes old partner, it is I, Caryl Morgan, come back again, thanks to my good friends here.

Fos. A thousand thanks to you for restoring him to us. I have scoured the country, partner to find you. Where on earth have you been?

MORG. Too long a story now Foster. Have you heard anything from my friends in the East?

FOS. Not a word for six months, although I have since written twice. But don't be down-hearted, they were all well when we last heard from them.

MORG. *(Aside to Foster.)* And Maud—my own Maud—how was she?

FOS. Fairly well, but very much worried because she had not heard from you in so long a time. Oh, partner, I have done you a terrible wrong.

MORG. No more of that Foster, I am going to leave for San Francisco this evening.

FOS. You mustn't do that, partner. Remain at least a few days, till you get thoroughly rested.

MORG. It is not physical rest I need—the mind, Foster, the mind needs rest.

FOS. Who are these friends of yours? They look like gypseys.

MORG. And so they are. They have been very kind to me.

FOS. Let me welcome them as they deserve. *(To gypseys.)* May I beg of you to make this your home while you remain in Sacramento.

EMMAN. Thank you, sir, very much, but we must soon be going—hey, Rachel?

RACH. Yes, Emmanuel, Mr. Morgan is now with his friends, and it remains but for us to say good-bye.

FOS. No, no, I cannot listen to that. My daughter is to be married to-day, and I wish you all to see the ceremony performed, after which we will have a little feast. You must remain, I beg.

RACH. We thank you, sir, Emmanuel and I, and it would please us very much to stay, but our friends are awaiting us.

FOS. I am very sorry I cannot prevail on you to remain a little while at least. Caryl, you speak to them.

MORG. It is no use; they have made up their minds to go.

RACH. Farewell, Caryl.

MORG. Farewell, Rachel.

EMMAN. Good-bye to you.

MORG. Good bye. God bless you both!

RACH. Farewell, good people, all, and much joy and good fortune remain with you. *(Exit Rachel and Emmanuel, L.)*

(Enter Potter, R.)

POT. Eh! What couple was that left, Foster?

FOS. Two friends of Mr. Morgan's here, gypseys.

POT. *(Astonished.)* Gypseys! call them back. I can marry gypseys as well as anything else. My office as J. P. permits it. Call them back at once.

FOS. They do not want to get married—they have been man and wife this many a year.

POT. Oh, so. Is this Mr. Morgan the man who was supposed to be *non est?*

FOS. Yes, sir. Mr. Morgan, this is Mr. Potter, our Justice of Peace and Coroner.

POT. Happy to meet you sir.

MORG. Same to you.

POT. This sir is the day we celebrate; this day sees two young people united in the bonds of matrimony, and *(glancing at Mrs. Lisle and Mr. Lewis)* perhaps there may be four young people united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The more the merrier. How is it Grif?

LEW. I think you may count us in. What do you say, Mrs. Lisle.

MRS. L. You may include us.

POT. Good for you. Names please, in full.

MRS L. Maria Sophia Lisle.

POT. Maid or widow?

MRS. L. Why do you ask these foolish questions?

POT. These are not foolish questions, madam; the law requires it.

MRS. L. Widow.

POT. How often?

MRS. L. Sir, I will answer no more questions.

POT. All right, the law is satisfied. You sir, maid or widow?

LEW. Neither.

POT. I mean bachelor or bigamist?

LEW. I shan't answer.

POT. All right, the ceremony may proceed without those formalities. I will make the twain once without it. In the meantime let me look up the matter. Mr. Foster!

FOS. Well sir.

POT. Will you assist me in searching the records as to the legality of uniting two parties who do not answer all the precluded questions.

Fos. With pleasure, but I know you may do so.

Pot. That settles it. As J. P. I will unite you at the proper time. *(Exeunt Mrs. Lisle and Lewis, R.)* Hark! some one is coming. (*Enter Maud Yale.*)

Fos. A lady.

Pot. An apparition. If I was only a young man now.

Morg. Is it a dream! Maud, oh, Maud! do you not recognize me?

Maud. You Caryl, and alive? (*Embrace.*)

Morg. But where is Rose? You are silent. There are tears in your eyes. Her parents told me that she would search for you, and bring you here. What has happened?

Maud. She is dead. In crossing the isthmus, she was attacked with the Panama fever, and though we did everything in our power we could not save her. Before she died she told me her secret.

Morg. Poor child!

Pot. Come friend, lets precipitate. It's another couple to be linked in matrimony.

Fos. Heaven be praised Potter, this is the happiest moment of my life. (*Shake hands and exit, R.*)

Morg. Oh Maud it seems like a delicious dream to see you, almost too sweet to be real. Forgive these tears for her sake, whom I had learned to love as a sister. What a blow it will be to the parents! She was the idol of their hearts – all their plans for the future were centered in her as mine are in you.

Maud. Oh Caryl, I never expected to see you again.

Morg. Nor did I you. My slumbers were disturbed by frightful visions, and often I saw you surrounded by dangers whilst I was powerless to aid you. But you never forgot me dearest?

Maud. Not for a moment. Your image was always uppermost in my thoughts.

Morg. And shall it always be so.

Maud. Yes dearest, to the latest hour of my life.

Morg. My own Maud, there is to be a double wedding here to-day, I understand—everything is prepared. It is in your power to make me the happiest of men.

Maud. You surprise me, Caryl; in what manner?

Morg. By becoming my own darling little wife on this day.

Maud. Why, how could we do that, Caryl; you see I am in traveling costume—a black dress, too.

MORG. Oh, never mind the dress, dearest. Come, say "Yes."

MAUD. Well, then it shall be as you say, "Yes." But are we not detaining our friends?

(*Enter Potter.*)

POT. Don't mention it, there is plenty of time.

MAUD. Who is he? He must have been listening.

MORG. This is the gentlemen who will tie the Gordian knot of matrimony.

MAUD. He neither looks or acts like a clergyman.

POT. I am not a minister, madam, begging your pardon; simply a J. P.

MAUD. Which means—?

POT. Your pardon again—the abbreviation for Justice of the Peace. And madam, although it may not be so elaborate a ceremony as is generally performed east of the Sierras, it is quite as binding, you will find. I will call in the other couples now if you have made up your minds to be joined with the rest.

MORG. Yes, sir, Justice, we have, and by all means let us not detain you and them in so laudable a work.

POT. Young man, I wish I was in your boots. But here they come! (*Enter Juan and Jennie, and Lewis and Mrs. Lisle.*) Sashay to the right there, Mr. Traddles—you to the left, Mr. Lewis—you to the centre, Mr. Morgan. Mr. Foster, will you kindly get back of me, and hold this book during the ceremony, while I proceed to make a few remarks to the young people about to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. (*Aside to Foster.*) How am I doing this, Foster?

FOS. First rate; go ahead.

POT. My dear friends, you are about to enter the state of connubial bliss. Remember, always, that it takes two to fight. A short scrimmage, once in a while, is enough at the very most, but for married people to be eternally clawin' over one another gets to be very tiresome in the end. So, I advise you men to love, honor and respect your wives, always. And you, ladies, love, honor and protect your husbands always.

FOS. You have got that reversed, Potter.

POT. Oh, yes, yes; that's a mistake. I mean, the gentlemen love, honor and protect, and ladies love, honor and respect, and you will bless the day that I had the honor of joining you in the holy bonds of matrimony. (*Turning to audience.*) And you, ladies and gentlemen, who have kindly honored us with your presence during this performance, we hope that you will always bear with one another during the trials and vicissitudes of this life.

CURTAIN.

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